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A N
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FOR THE

Thanksgiving-Day.

To the Tune of *Derry down.*

By TITUS ANTIGALLICUS, Esq;

Ride si Sapis.

HOR.



L O N D O N :

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To the Thanksgiving-Day.

By Titus Livius & Hic

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L O N D O N
Printed for W. W. & Co. at the New York Press
(Printed in New York)



A N

ODE for the *Thanksgiving-Day*.



E brave *Britons* all to my Ditty attend,
From all other Matters your Fancies unbend
While I tell you a Story, of Stories the
Story

Of *Britain's* Eclipse, and *England's* lost Glory,

Derry down.

There once was a Time, and that Time is not old
When we made War in *Flanders* with good *British* Gold;
And an Army we rais'd, for Wonders design'd,
But our *Courtiers* had quite other Schemes in the Wind.

Derry down.

B

In

In *Italy* too where we purchas'd Alliance,
To baffle old *Spain* and set *France* at Defiance;
Yet as Fortune would have it were never the nearer,
The *State-ship* was crank, and *Old Harry* did steer her.

Derry down.

Our Helmsmen unskill'd, and our G——l misled,
Who like all young G——ls had more Tail than Head;
One bully'd like fury, t'other fought like a Fiend,
So they brought Things at last to a terrible End.

Derry down.

To ruin their Country, and play their own Game,
What mov'd glibly at first, they made halting and lame;
In a whimsical Mood turn'd the War upside down,
And damn'd all good Schemes, because none of their own.

Derry down.

So they conjur'd up C——y, an Agent of *Gaul*,
To flourish his Whynjard, and frighten us all;
Jumbl'd War upon War, for to make it appear
They could merrily squander twelve Millions a Year.

Derry down.

Thus

Thus to render admir'd their Thrift and their Skill,
 And evince to the World, they had all at their Will,
 To lessen Expence, and one War to renounce,
 Most dextrously treat us with two Wars at once.

Derry down.

On those happy Shores of the *Rhine* and the *Mæse*,
 Where our Armies fought nobly in *Anna's* bright Days,
 Where *Marlborough's* Glory, erst shone in full Lustre,
 We at double Expence did nothing but bluster.

Derry down.

On the Honour of *Britain*, and Godd of the Nation,
 At Home and Abroad turn'd all Conversation,
 Projecting of Victories, and courting Renown,
 While the *French* complaisantly took Town after Town.

Derry down.

To *Canada* conquer, and *Frenchmen* out-root,
 With their other wise Schemes, to make happily Suit,
 A Fleet was sent out, in a Humour romantic,
 To traverse ten Leagues of the Ocean Atlantic.

Derry down.

At

At *l'Orient* they landed full six thousand Men,
 Did *nothing* when there, but came safe back agen,
 If you ask some the Reason their Answer is clear,
 It was fully determin'd to do nothing there.

Derry down.

Then they call'd in the *Russians*, at Sea spread our Banner,
 As if they intended the Nation some Honour,
 But for Fear that our Arms should our Credit increase,
 As the *Devil* would have it, out pop'd a d---d Peace.

Derry down.

Our M---rs most wisely and learnedly said,
 That conq'ring was turning War into a Trade,
 And such Trade pernicious, so Peace was the apter,
 Or else we might fight, to the End of the Chapter.

Derry down.

That our Complaisance too might appear full as bright,
 As our Judgment at Helm, or our Conduct in Fight,
 Form'd a Scheme in their Noddles, most luckily hit on,
 To restore *France* their Trade, and surrender Cape-Breton.

Derry down.

In

In return for the kind Condescension thus made,
 In current *French* Coin they the Favour repaid,
 The *Wisdom* of Britain extoll'd to the Skies,
 And destroy'd all the Forts of our *Friends* and *Allies*.

Derry down.

That there might be in this no Partiality shown,
 And de *France* Politique tro de Varld might be known,
 Dat dere politesse too might all others surpass,
 They blew up *St. George*, and they plunder'd *Madras*.

Derry down.

Then to shew us as wanting in Language as Art,
 That not Judgment nor Honour possess'd any Part,
 To cut Matters short, and the Work to retrench,
 We *Hostages* gave them, And treated in *French*:

Derry down.

We talk'd of our Faith, and propos'd Terms in *Latin*,
 But were told with a Sneer, *French* was better to chat in,
 And as to de Faith, dere be none in your Nation,
 For dere can be no Faith, where be no Reputation.

Derry down.

Then

Then to finish the Farce, tho' scarce to be found,
We muster'd up full thirty Thousand good Pound,
Some laid out in Fireworks, some put in the Purse,
While the Sailors were starv'd, and the Soldiers did curse.

Delta & Co.

Derry down.

A pompous magnificent Structure was rais'd,
Such was ne'er seen before, in our Days, God be prais'd,
To rejoice at being beaten, and bub'd by *France*,
So the B—rs they pip'd, and L—d S—ch did dance.

Derby House.

Derry down.

Then to show us as waiting in language as Art,

~~That not judgment nor Honor should any Part~~

To cut Matters short, and the Work to retrench,

F I N I S.

Delany Boston.

We talk'd of our Faith, and propos'd Terms in Latin,

But were told with a sneer, French was better to chat in,

And as to the Faith, there be none in your Nation,

For there can be no Faith, where be no Reputation.

Daily News

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